THE
Devil upon Dun:
OR,
Moderation in Maſquerade.
A
POEM.

Printed in the Year, 1705.

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Moderation in Maſquerade.

WHILE yet expecting the Returning Day,
Releaſt from anxious Thoughts I Doſing lay,
My Soul ſhrunk back at ſome unuſual fright,
When lo! a Meager Ghoſt approach'd my ſight;
Beckning he ſtood —— But as I wou'd have ſpoke,
The conſcious Shade the trembling Room forſook:
I follow'd Fancy thro' her vaſt Extreams,
Below the depth of *Acheron*'s Black Streams,
To Hell the flying Phantam I purſu'd,
Where *Faction*'s crowded Court aſſembled ſtood;
At her Right Hand was *Moderation* plac't,
With all the Marks and Cloathing of the *Beaſt*;
A tott'ring Mitre on her Head ſhe bore,
(A Modern Emblem of the Ch——'s Pow'r;)
While ſullen Rapture did the Throng poſſeſs,
As tho' they Tryumph'd on ſome new ſucceſs;
When thrice her wither'd Hand the Fury ſhook,
Thrice beat her Haggard Breaſt —— and thus She ſpoke:

Wellcome from Day——Thou ever Honour'd Shade,
Thrice happy we by thy induſtrious aid;
Whoſe dark Contrivances, I ever own,
In times, ſupported my diſtructive Throne;
Happy in Miſchiefs thou haſt bravely done,
Thou art the Guardian Fav'rite of my Crown:
She ſaid——and ſtrait the low obſequious Crowd
Thrice to *Cethego*, and their Goddeſs bow'd:
So Leſſer Devils when the Great appear,
Devoted fall——and pay their Homage there.

But now *Cethego*——While Aſſembled here,
The Sequel of thy Embaſſy declare:
What from above thy loaded Breaſt imparts,
And how I Reign there in my Subjects Hearts?
Is there a S——te choſen to my will,
And ſhall our Darling C——r have the S——l?
Do's *Anna* ſtill——But theſe ſmall Lets excuſe,
I ſee thou labour'ſt with Important News;
When Nodding to her Subject Throng around,
They all were ſtruck with Silence moſt profound;
An inward Joy inflam'd the Haggard Queen,
When thus Her Lov'd *Cethego* did begin.

Great Goddeſs Hail, Inſpirer of my Tongue,
To whom the Praiſe of all my Plots belong;
Miſtriſs of all the joys my Boſome hold,
Your direful Meſſage I your Subjects told;

Receiv'd with wonder —— but the Scheme diſclos'd,
Not one diſſenting *Annnanire* oppos'd:
They all your Sov'reign care with Zeal confeſs,
And Vow their Lives to Crown it with ſucceſs;
The direful project they will aid with Plots,
Implore all Hell —— nor ſhall it want for Votes;
They'l hatch, deviſe, no ſubtle Arts neglect,
Until the proſp'rous Miſchief take effect.

Nabal do's firſt his kind Aſſiſtance Lend,
Nabal a truſty Whig, a truſty Friend,
A Buſie, Troubleſome, repining P——
Such as a L—— and ſuch a Commoner,
In ev'ry ſtation till the ſame appear'd,
Was allways talking, but was ſeldome heard;
Avow'd, but ſilent Foe to *Anna*'s Reign,
Who wou'd a boaſted *Engliſh* Soul Maintain;
Arraigns the Nations Conduct, and her Pow'r,
And trumps up Crimes he wink'd at long before:
He — - though they mind ſo little what he ſays,
Shall caſt ſome Rubs in their obſtructed ways;

He

He ſhall with others of the Faction Chrime,
And broach Chimeras to protract the time,
Till by ſome Nicer Hand, the Plot is ſpun,
And *Albion* to their Moderate Scheme be won.
—— At which the Raviſh'd *Goddeſs* Bleſt the *Iſle*,
And form'd her Wrinkled Face into a Smile;
While gazing round her with Infernal Pride,
Proceed my Lov'd *Cethego* ſhe then Cry'd.
A ſudden Rapture ſiez'd the Liſt'ning Crowd,
Who thus expreſt their ſecret joys a Loud.

" Bleſt be the *Goddeſs*, ever Bleſt her Reign,
" That do's her Guardian Pow'r ſo well maintain,
" As ſuch her care be, ſtill our Duty ſhewn,
" To ſuccour and defend her Gloomy Throne.

Cethego, waiting till the Clamour ceaſt,
In pain to eaſe his over-burthen'd Breaſt,
Again the Fury humbly thus addreſt.

" Nor fear, Great Queen to have the Ch —— ſaid,
" The ſubtle Miſchief through the Tribe is ſpread:

" *Ario*

" *Ario* appears with the ſame front of Braſs,
" And vows to Infl'ence the Sons of Grace ;
" *Ario*, Devoted to your direful Throne,
" A Bully P——ſt, and ſpiritual Dragoon ;
" So long your pow'rful Scepter he'as Obey'd,
" Their need no more of *Ario*'s Plots be ſaid.

" Nor will fierce *Zebulun* forſake your ſide,
" A Hair-Brain'd Teacher, and a Lazie Guide ;
" Who with a Sainted Look, and a Sinners Heart,
" Acts both the P———s, and the Trimmers part ;
" *Corah*, and *Dathan* too ſhall change their Notes,
" Be ready with their Conncils and their Votes.

" Theſe, and a Thouſand more, the Ch——s friends,
" Shall baſely ſwerve to your Nefarious ends ;
" Such is the Homage which they pay your Throne,
" To raiſe your Kingdom, they'd deſtroy their own.

O! Holy Times——when purity our Youth,
And P——prevaricate the *Sacred Truth*,
Deſert the Ch—— h for meaner ends unknown,
And cloſe with Errors that wou'd pull her down ;

De-

Declining her divided State appears,
nvolv'd in Schiſm, and in endleſs Wars;
While Lazie P——tes in diſguiſes Act,
And baſely ſell the Ch——they ſhou'd protect.

Creatures of different kinds each other fly,
Or taught by Nature, or Antipathy;
Wolves will with Wolves, or Lambs with Lambs will Sleep,
For things leſs Humane, greater order keep;
Bodies of Earth down to their Centre move,
And ſeeds of Fire aſcend to theirs above;
But here the Ch——h againſt it ſelf Combines,
And Mod'rate Pow'r, with mixt Religion ſhines;
Thoſe who are Sworn to Guard her ſinking State,
Do from her Sacred Eſſence Derogate.

Say then thou *Guardian Genius* of the Land,
Was it at firſt thy great and dread Command,
This Fav'rite Iſle, with thy own Councils bleſt,
Shou'd be undone by ſtubborn Lazie P—— ?
Did'ſt thou decree her to Inteſtine jarrs,
To endleſs *Faction*, and to Chriſtian Wars?

But

But ſpare Digreſſion now my Wandring Muſe,
While Black *Cethego*, his dire Song purſues.

Since then the Ch——inlines to own your cauſe,
Prepare Great Goddeſs to diſperſe your Laws;
For P—— (ſays he) with blind *Ænigma*'s fraught,
Are the beſt Tools to Carry on a Plot:
Subſtitute one in Council to preſide,
Ario the fitteſt, he the reſt will Guide,
With all the *Parties* Heat, the P—— tes Pride;
Like him there's none the wav'ring Ch —— can draw,
Nor doubt but you have Friends among the *Law*.

Though *Burſo* will not to your Part be won,
Burſo the Pride, and Honour of the Gown;
Who Juſtice to'r Corrupted Seat Reſtor'd,
Unbyaſs'd on the *Bench*, and Faithful at the *Board*:
Though he your Lov'd *Sigillo*'s Charge inſpect,
With better judgment, and with leſs defect:

Though *Zebo* too, appear unfix'd, unmov'd,
Both by his Country, and his Queen belov'd;
As by a Race of long ſucceſſive Years,
His moſt unſhaken Loyalty appears;
Nor aw'd by Pow'r, nor by fear ſubdu'd,
Has fix'd and Honeſt through all Changes ſtood.

Nor though *Trebulius* your Yoke endures,
Yet *Seth*, and many more are firmly yours;
Seth, who Harranges the H——in florid ſtrains,
And din's their Ears with borrow'd Eloquence;
He to your Empire ever was inclin'd,
By Birth a R——l, and a Whig in kind;
Whoſe Native Genius e're ſo feeble ſhone,
Declares theſe ſuddain Rays are not his own;
Unleſs ſome lucky Riddle make appear,
His Sp————s ne'er are dull but at the B——r.

However, he no leſs appears a Friend,
That boldly utters what's by *S——rs* Pen'd.

Next

Next ſlim *Adorio* Firmly do's adhere,
A Fop, a Trimmer, and a C——r,
Whoſe ſoft Effeminante, and Taper ſize,
Declare him fit to meet the Ladies Eyes.

Euphronius for Kindred Vertues known,
Euphronius by double tye's your own;
That mid'ſt a Numerous and Attentive Throng,
(For who can ſtop a Furious Rebel Tongue?)
Durſt to the open World Aſſert your Laws,
And plead a Rebel's and a Vagrant's cauſe,
With all the Furious Heat, and Zeal Expreſt,
That ſure your Ardour had enflam'd his Breaſt;
Who ne'er before——but with precarious Sence,
Had ſtray'd into ſuch Beams of Eloquence:
He merits all the praiſe you can beſtow,
What's to himſelf or to *Bathilla* due.

But paſſing him —— *Dolo* is next in view,
A ſhallow J—— but to your Empire true;

Yet ſhou'd we truſt him, he'as ſo little thought,
I fear he'd Blunder and betray our Plot.

Renato too, of that Letigious *Train*,
Shall Bawl and Wrangle to defend your Reign:
More I cou'd Name, - — but I forbear the reſt;
The *Fury* roſe, and then *Cethego* ceaſt.

Bleſt be the Voice, and ever bleſt the ſhade,
Dear to his Goddeſs Breaſt, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
In theſe dark Realms, for ever Honour'd here,
That has ſo well maintain'd her Empire;
Be thou, wherever *Faction* keeps her Court,
Her *Guardian* Ruler, and her chief Support;
For to *Cethego*'s deeper Policies,
Are owing all my Triumphs, all my Joys.

Nor fear I *Clodio*'s Furious Heat will prove
Leſs Vigilant, leſs Powerful above;
On whom as one inſpir'd I depend,
An Active Patron, and a Faithful Friend:

Who

Who——when *Sigilio*'s deeper Councils join,
Shall ſhake the Trembling State, and make it mine.

Till when——as of his Intereſt ſecure,
We Recommend them to his Dice, and Wh——.

Scarce had ſhe ended what ſhe wou'd have ſpoke,
But all arround her with ſurprize were ſtruck;
A pale confuſion ev'ry Look confeſt,
(For Fear to Hell purſues a Guilty Breaſt,)
When Wond'ring! lo, A Hallow Voice was heard,
And to their ſight a Meager Shade appear'd
An Honeſt, and Unwav'ring, Aged Ghoſt,
Juſt then Arriv'd from *Albion*'s weary Coaſt;
One who had Fathom'd, on the Worlds great Stage,
The depth, and Policies of ev'ry Age;
In all the Rules of Eloquence compleat,
Factions great Scourge, and Soveraign of Wit;

Who did (when times wou'd give him leave) oppoſe
Her Hated Reign — her Secret Arts diſcloſe,
And Routed all the Troops of *Party-Foes.*

Nor when her Antient Power ſhe'ad regain'd,
Was able to endure his laſhing Hand,
But what they cou'd not brook, by force reſtrain'd:
So Crown'd with *Honour'd Ages* Silver Years,
The greateſt Genius of the Land Expires.

Nor but my Muſe, untun'd for ſofter Lays,
Eumenes ſhe ſhou'd Sing in thy deſerved Praiſe;
To ſofter Numbers, Change her direful Song,
Addreſt to the Great Maſter of her Native Tongue.

But be Conſol'd, for Malice can't refuſe
Thy Learned Aſhes, ſome as ſacred Muſe;

Nor did the Fury long the *Spectre* view,
Before too well the Hated Form ſhe knew;

Her

Her greateſt Foe ſhe'd ſeen in Realms of Light,
Nor now was able to endure his Sight;
A Stormy Paſſion did her Boſom ſieze,
And flames of Lightning darted from her Eyes:
Nor cou'd her Soul to utterance give room,
Raving ſhe ſtood, and was with Paſſion dumb:
Thrice on her Breaſt ſhe ſtruck her blighted Arm,
To work ſome direful and diſtructive Charm;
But Hell in rev'rence to the awful *Shade*,
Their fierce revenging Goddeſs diſobey'd:
Speechleſs a while the Glaring Fury lies,
Entranc'd in all the bitter'ſt Agonies;
Till having ſtruggled with the frantick pain,
Her Stormy Soul began to Calm again.

So Swelling *Billows*, when the Tempeſt ceaſe,
Foaming a while, they rowl themſelves to peace.

Again the *Spectre* ſhe diſtinctly view'd,
Nor ſcarce her Swelling Paſſion was ſubdu'd,

When

When thus she to *Eumenes* Ghost apply'd,
How hast thou dar'd Intruding Wretch she cry'd?
Without our Vow'd Permission to resort,
Where adverse *Faction* keeps her Gloomy Court?

Thou! who wer't ever to her Realm a Foe,
(Too well thy Aged Countenance I know.)

Was it not thee in Popish Times of yore,
That was Confed'rate with the *Scarlet Whore*?
Did'st all my Mischiefs, all my Plots reveal,
And sunk my Empire to it's Native Hell?
So baffled, so suppress't my Hated Reign,
'T had ne'er R——n, but with the Sprung again?

To which the fix'd, undaunted *Shade* reply'd,
Yes, Hated Fiend, 'twas I thy Plots decry'd;
I did thy little Arts, and Tricks deride:
Nor am I chang'd from what I was before,
Nor one that Loves, nor one can fear thy Pow'r.

Hateful

Hateful to me, as thou thy ſelf to Peace,
Thou curſt Invader of all Monarchies,
Who in thy Mind can'ſt form the Horrd'ſt Things;
Pull Sacred Altars down, or Butcher King's;
Still I'm thy Foe——nor had'ſt thou now beheld,
My Hated Face, but by ſome *Pow'r* compell'd;
Some unknown *Power* in his Native Skies,
Beyond the reach of deep Enquiries:
Gave me in Charge theſe *Sable Realms* to gain,
Where Diſcord do's, and Deſolation Reign;
Where Hell in Gloomy Triumph keeps her Court,
And Swarthy Fiends arround her Throne reſort;
Hatching loud Miſchiefs with Applauded Thoughts,
Nor Hell has depth to Fathom all your Plots;
Kingdoms thou'ſt Sworn their Ruin and their Fall,
And at one hated Gaſp, woud'ſt Swallow all,
Thy Lab'ring Feuds, and deep invented Schemes,
Witneſs the fall of Abdi cated J——s;
Nor his alone——urg'd on to Civil Wars,
Woud'ſt fill the World with univerſal jarrs;

VVith no fix'd order won'd, or form comply,
Turn to Confusion All, and Anarchy.

Say *Fury* then——nor rowl thy Glaring Eyes,
(I all thy haughty Menaces dispise)
How dost thou so divide the jarring State;
So work, so huddle up *Britania*'s Fate?
So subt'ly weave with Fell *Meadean* Arts,
Thy Majic Spells into the *Peoples* Hearts?
For't must be Majic sure that do's maintain
Thy Plots and Mischiefs in a *Tory* Reign:
Where *Moderation* spight of Duty Rules,
Turn States-men Trimmers, Favourites thy *Tools*
Revolting *P*——like Rebel Children prove,
And Rob the Mother *Ch*—— of filial Love;
Nor yet thy Pow'r infalliable appears,
Thou'st lost a P——te, and has gain'd some P——rs,

Ev'n *Silo* too forgot to change his Note,
Preserv'd his Heart, and gave away his Vote;

When long revolving in his Anxious mind,
VVhich part to take, to which he moſt inclin'd;
Silo had doubtleſs let the VVhig prevail,
But that his Sons Preferment turn'd the Scale.

Nor *Zula* leſs, with all his ſigns of Grace,
Shall with his Trimming Arts, for Tory paſs;
No *Moderation* principles I grant,
He's all a D — l, or he's all a Saint.
More he'd have ſaid —— when, lo! a ſudden Noiſe,
Rang through all Hell, of loud repeated joys;
Tranſported *Fiends* ran Headlong up and down,
And ſhouting Flock'd arround her tow'ring *Throne*;
VVhile now the *Fury* knowing what had paſt,
Swelling with Pride, her ſullen joys expreſt:
Let Revels now my finiſh'd Schemes ſucceed,
In vain *Laviſſa*, or *Aminus* plead,
In vain *Hortenſio* do's carreſs the Throng,
Though Muſick fall from his Perſuaſive Tongue;
Let *Celſus* know the Plots concerted here,
Are not defeated by his greateſt care.

At length I find I shall compleat my joy,
And *Albions Peace*, and *Albions* [illegible] *desire*.
Then Discord raisd her medly voice again,
And Sung the joys of a Triumphant Reign;
Sung poor divided Albions *Hapless State*;
Her coming fall, her lab'ring [illegible] *Fate*.
While Hell was thus regardlessly inspir'd,
Silent and unperceiv'd the *Shade* retir'd;
Leaving unfinish'd what he'd yet to say;
To Realms of greater Peace he took his way.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

THE first Line *r. Satyr once more do thou my Muse sustain*, *l.* 3. *r. Let thy Impulsive Heat her Song inflame*, *p.* 1. *l.* 9. for Flury, *r.* Eury; *p.* 4. *l.* 13. for Subjects, *r.* Subject; *p.* 5. *l.* 2. for Annanire, *r.* Annanire, *p.* 6. *l.* 1. for Chrime *r.* Chime; *l.* 4. for their, *r.* your, *p.* 8. *l.* 2. Involv'd, *p.* 13. *l.* 4 for them *r.* him, *p.* 16. *l.* 12. *r.* thus, *'T had ne'er put with the R——n Sprung again.*